

Hot For Teacher by fullofwander

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Summary:

Billy Hargrove walked into his little sister's classroom expecting to scare her teacher into giving her a better grade. He didn't count on Mr. Harrington being so attractive, or intriguing. And what exactly does he know about the local contaminate making people act a little crazy?

Hot For Teacher

Author's Note:

Soooo instead of updating my other fic, I started this! Whoops! I APOLOGIZE FOR THE TITLE. Many thanks to @jgoose13 (or maybe not) for encouraging this! I'm on tumblr @fullofwander.

Billy Hargrove was not a nice man. He knew it, his father knew it, his associates in his father's... “business” knew it.

But that didn't mean he couldn't play nice when he wanted something. It helped, in his line of work, having the ability to sweet talk others, using his charm like a delicate weapon. He loved being able to convince someone else to give Billy what he wanted. It was intoxicating, having that much power over someone, seeing them bend under his will. And if all else failed, there was his gun.

He didn't want to use his gun now, though. It was distasteful, he thought, to have to *force* intimacy with someone. No, the chase was so much better and the surrender so much sweeter when they gave into him of their own volition.

And right now, Billy wanted Steve Harrington.

It had all started that Wednesday morning, when his father had called him into his office unexpectedly. Billy's own office was down a few floors, purposefully out of the way of his father's usual routine. It was never a good thing for Billy when his father gave him too much attention. So when he'd received an inter-office call that morning from his father's direct line, he'd been worried.

He'd worried that the meeting was about a problem they'd been dealing with recently. Apparently, some kind of contaminate was making the locals lose their minds and act like emotionless zombies

before eventually freezing to death, and the police were trying to blame it on Neil Hargrove's product. Which was bullshit, because everyone knew that the Hargrove organization had the best quality product within 3 states.

In any case, the whole thing was making Neil act like even more of an asshole than usual, and Billy was content to stay out of his way.

Thankfully, it had quickly become apparent that this meeting was about something else.

"Billy," he'd said after the younger man took a seat in front of his desk, looking down at a note from Billy's younger step-sister. "Max has a parent-teacher conference this afternoon with her science teacher, a Mr. Steve Harrington. Apparently, her grade has been slipping. I expect you to go, and impress on him that giving her a failing grade is...unacceptable," Neil Hargrove had looked up at his son, face a blank mask but eyes raging. "And remind her too. No child of mine is going to fail. She's your responsibility too. Get it under control."

"Yes, sir," Billy had responded, straightening up in front of his father's desk. "I'll handle it."

"You'd better," his father had said in warning, before motioning him out of the room.

Billy had left then, surprised and relieved that the meeting with his father had been so short and painless. He'd made his way back down to his own office, straightening the cuffs of his suit as he went. He'd handle the situation with Max and her teacher later. Until then, he had business meetings to deal with.

That afternoon, Billy had expected to walk into a middle school science classroom and charm an aging teacher into submission. Do some posturing, maybe make a few suggestive remarks to get his way. After all, what the hell does one science grade matter for the

little bitch in the long run?

He had not expected, however, to walk into the room and be met by a tall drink of water erasing a chalkboard.

Taller than me, the thought had flashed through his mind. *Barely*.

Steve Harrington was lean and lithe. Svelte, but Billy could see the muscles hidden under his cozy sweater as his arm moved back and forth across the board. Billy stood there, letting his gaze drag down the other man's toned back, then up across his shoulders, finally tracing the moles up his neck and on his pretty face peeking over a shoulder. Billy wanted to lick him.

"You must be Mr. Harrington," Billy drawled in his lowest tone with a slow smile, looking into soft brown eyes that widened momentarily before narrowing in suspicion. Billy had abandoned his suit jacket in the car, a move he was suddenly much more glad of now that he knew this teacher would be able to get a good look at his biceps under his dress shirt.

"I am. Are you here for Max's conference?" he asked, motioning to the redheaded girl sitting in the front row of desks, staring at Billy like he'd lost his mind. He thought he *would* lose his mind, if he didn't get a taste of this pretty boy. Mr. Harrington was looking at him in a calculating manner, eyeing his unbuttoned shirt and studded earring in curiosity. "You don't look like her father."

"He couldn't make it today. Business stuff. I'm her older brother," Billy said, sauntering over to lean against the teacher's desk, propping one hip against it and gazing up at Steve with a grin he knew from experience melted the panties off of anyone in its path. "I'm Billy Hargrove."

"I'm Steve Harrington, Max's science teacher," Steve said, frowning as he offered his hand for Billy to shake. He shook his head in exasperation. "But clearly you already knew that."

Billy took the offered hand with both of his own, bringing the shake into more of a caress, squeezing the warm palm between his briefly.

“Steve. A pleasure to meet you,” he purred, his grin widening into something with more teeth.

The science teacher was quick to pull his hand back, color rising on his cheeks as he cleared his throat. An uncomfortable awareness came into his eyes.

“Billy?” Max said in an irritated tone, drawing his attention.

“Why don't you go wait in the car, Max. Give me and Mr. Harrington a chance to talk,” he said, tossing the keys to her and watching as she deftly caught them. She looked from Billy to them and back again, giving him a hard eye roll before swinging her backpack over her shoulder and slinking out of the room. The door slammed shut behind her.

Billy focused his attention back on the teacher, content for the moment to watch him squirm under his look.

“Right,” Steve said, surreptitiously moving around his desk to put more space between them and picking up what Billy assumed was a file on Max. “Look, Max isn't a bad student. In fact, she's pretty smart. All her test grades are great. She's just having some trouble staying motivated to do her work right now. I've got several blank homework assignments from her right here.”

“Hm,” Billy made an agreeing noise, watching avidly as Steve avoided his gaze. “See, my father has always been a big believer in us keeping our grades up. Never let me live a bad grade down. He's already awfully disappointed in Max's current grade in your class.”

He got up, trailing closer to where the tall teacher stood, looking cozy and inviting in his warm sweater and glasses. Billy ducked his head, trying to catch the other man's eyes. “What could we do to make this right, Steve? It's just a few homework grades. Couldn't you, I don't know, look the other way?”

Soft, brown eyes snapped up to lock with Billy's in indignation. Steve's mouth dropped open, and Billy idly thought about how pretty it looked like that, wet and red and drawing in a sharp breath of air.

“ *Mr. Hargrove*, looking the other way when she doesn’t do her work properly isn’t going to do her any favors! And I’m appalled that you’re asking!” Steve said, slapping the folder back on his desk and turning to face Billy angrily.

Billy grinned in appreciation, enjoying the picture the expressive man was presenting to him.

“Sweetheart, *Mr. Hargrove* is my father. You can call me Billy,” he intoned in a low, seductive voice. He stepped close to Steve, leaning into his space and placing a hand on the desk. Billy knew the effect he could have on people, and at that moment he wanted Steve to feel it. He looked up from under his thick, dark eyelashes. “Isn’t there anything I could do to persuade you?”

“ *Don't* call me sweetheart,” Steve snapped unconvincingly, his breathing coming out a little laboured. He placed a hand on Billy’s exposed chest and pushed slightly, his eyes widening in surprise when Billy stood firm. Suddenly, he looked a lot more like a cornered animal. “In fact, I think it’s best you stick with *Mr. Harrington*.”

A low chuckle rumbled out of Billy’s chest. He leaned even further into Steve, draping himself along the other man and pushing him back against the desk, pressing their faces almost cheek to cheek. Billy wondered if the other man had ever had to deal with someone like him before. Someone pushy, used to getting what they want. He knew a better man would feel guilty about it. But Billy wasn’t a better man, and why would he want to be when he had a hot piece of ass trembling under his hands like this?

“Oh, *Mr. Harrington*,” Billy breathed into his ear.

Then he gently laid a kiss on Steve’s neck.

He felt the lithe man stiffen, probably in shock, before melting. *Interesting* .

“Don--oooh!” Steve started, trailing off into a moan as Billy’s mouth moved down his neck. He placed feather-light kisses down the length, little smacks of his lips over and over, his other hand coming up to press Steve’s hip into him. Steve shivered, his own hand coming up to

clamp down on Billy's shoulder as he panted into his ear. Fuck, this man was intoxicating. "B-Billy--"

Billy surged up into Steve's mouth, kissing him hard and fast. He couldn't help but moan into it, Steve's wet heat was just as delicious as he'd thought it'd be. The kiss was deep, and filthy, the kind of kiss Billy liked best. He felt like a drowning man. He wrapped Steve in his arms, sliding his hands beneath the heavy sweater as he slid their tongues together.

Despite his initial words, Steve was pliant in his arms, clinging to Billy like a sudden lifeline.

Fuck, I'm going to wreck you.

The kiss broke with a wet sound, the two men panting into each other's open mouths.

"Fuck, baby, you're so good for me," Billy whispered, nuzzling into Steve's nose and laying another kiss on the corner of his mouth.

Steve moaned again, eyes hazy as he watched Billy raptly, going sweet and soft as Billy bent him back over the desk so he could ruck up the thick fabric of his sweater. The dark maroon color complemented Steve's pale skin, giving it a glowing quality even under the harsh fluorescent lights. And he was toned, just as Billy thought he would be.

He leaned down, trailing soft kisses over the exposed muscles, looking up through his eyelashes and deliberately locking eyes with Steve as he tongued his bellybutton. Steve's stomach clenched under Billy's mouth. Steve licked his lips, biting the bottom one as a look of yearning came over his face.

"Look at you," Billy breathed against the wet skin, watching goosebumps rise. "So sweet for me. C'mon baby, up on the desk."

He grasped Steve's slim hips and hoisted him up, looking up the length of his body as Steve propped himself up on his elbows. The desk wasn't that wide, and the move toppled several items over the other side.

"Careful, sweetheart," Billy chided, keeping his tone low and soothing, not wanting to break Steve out of the aroused trance he seemed to be in. He slid a hand around to the small of his back for support as he stood over him.

Fuck, Steve Harrington was just his type, tall and slim with soulful brown eyes. The perfect picture of--not innocence, but maybe goodness?--waiting to be debauched.

But if he took too long Max would come wandering back in to see what was going on, and that was definitely something he didn't want happening while he had the teacher spread out like a buffet over his own desk.

What Billy really wanted to do was drop to his knees and lose himself between this beautiful man's long legs. But his suit pants were expensive, and not really made for calisthenics. So he grabbed the nearby rolling desk chair and took a seat, keeping a grounding hand at the small of Steve's back the whole time. No way was he letting the other man come back to his senses now.

"W-wait," Steve murmured, as Billy rolled up into the v of his thighs and began opening his slacks. He grabbed Billy's wrists, squeezing tight but not trying to pull his hands away as he pushed down his briefs. Steve even lifted his hips a little, allowing Billy to pull the fabric down lower, giving him a view of his exposed cock pulsing in the open air. "We shouldn't--"

"Shh, baby, just let me taste you," Billy said, not giving Steve a chance to respond before he put his mouth on his cock.

Steve sucked in a sharp breath, pushing up into the wet heat of Billy's mouth. Billy moaned, enjoying the feeling of Steve losing control like that. Steve grabbed onto his head with one hand, scratching his fingers through the blonde curls roughly. Fuck, Billy always did like them a little wild, too. And something told him that despite how sweet Steve had been up to this point, he had some hidden fight in him as well.

Billy looked up as he pulled off Steve's cock, taking it in hand and twisting up the length, tonguing at the wet tip. Steve threw his head

back, bracing himself with a hand behind him on the desk, moaning as he arched up into Billy's mouth.

Jesus, the man was a sight. Billy couldn't help but to smirk around the tip before taking it back into his mouth. Fuck, he'd love to get his mouth all over the other man, but this was going to have to be fast.

He worked Steve's cock fast and hard, jerking and sucking the length, only pulling off to leave kisses along the little bit of Steve's exposed inner thighs he could reach. Billy palmed his own cock through his suit pants with one hand, lowering the zipper and stroking himself through his underwear.

"Billy, I'm gonna--" Steve moaned, suddenly fucking his hips up into the air. Billy went with the motion, grabbing both of Steve's hips in a bruising grip and sucking down his cock and back up again. Steve tensed, his whole body a taut line of muscle, as he spilled into Billy's willing mouth. A long moment later he collapsed back on the desk, slumping slightly to the side to avoid falling off.

Billy dove down, unable to resist sucking a dark mark into Steve's inner thigh as he wrestled with his own pants. He jerkily ripped his belt open, slipping his own cock out and finally getting a good grip on it.

He stood up, looking down at Steve panting in half-lidded satisfaction, and came all over the teacher's stomach with a curling smirk.

Billy took a moment to collect himself, breathing hard as he tucked himself back into his pants then ran teasing fingers through the cum on the other man's stomach. Steve watched, transfixed, as he drew patterns along his skin, both of them coming down from the high.

Satisfied, he reached down and pulled a handkerchief out of his pocket. He winked at Steve, still laying there and staring at him, as Billy lasciviously wiped his still-wet chin and dabbed at the corners of his mouth, before holding the small square of fabric out for Steve to take.

Still in a daze, Steve reached up for it with a slow hand, using it to

mop up the cum puddled on his stomach. The action seemed to bring him back to the present, as he set the moist fabric aside with a grimace, hastily attempting to slide off the desk and pull his own pants up.

Billy watched him like a satisfied jungle cat.

“So, baby, about Max’s grades...” he started, circling back to why he’d shown up here in the first place.

“I told you to call me Mr. Harrington!” Steve snapped in Billy’s face. His eyes, drunk only moments before with arousal, were deep and angry now, lit like a fire. Billy wondered how Steve would justify what had happened between them.

“Sorry, Mr. Harrington,” Billy said, holding his hands up in a placating manner, the grin on his face having the opposite effect.

Steve continued, “And if you want Max to bring her grade in my class up, have her finish all these homework assignments by the end of next week!”

“Yes, sir, Mr. Harrington,” Billy answered in a faux serious tone, taking the folder Steve had thrust towards him.

“And this? This can’t happen again! Jesus fucking Christ, what the hell.” Steve rubbed a hand down his face, before reaching up to scrub it through his hair. He turned back to Billy, pointing toward the closed classroom door. “Now get out of my classroom!”

Billy made a noncommittal sound, satisfied for the moment but knowing it wouldn’t last. Making the decision not to push the irate teacher any more today, he got up and sauntered in the direction Steve had pointed. But he had to have him again. Fully. And he intended to make that happen, one way or another.

He opened the door, turning back with a hand on the jam to throw over his shoulder, “See you soon, Stevie boy.”

“ *Goodbye.*”

